

## Sunday Morning Globe

W. J. ELLIOTT, Editor.

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## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Rates of advertising will be made known at the office or by the Sunday Globe's accredited agent. The Sunday Globe is an exclusive local publication and will be found a valuable medium to reach the patronage of the Washington public.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1901.

## Our New Dress.

THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE, at length, presents the aimed at metropolitan newspaper appearance, in a dress of minion type, the standard body type of all the great dailies. In a week or two, at the furthest, we will enlarge the GLOBE as our increasing advertising patronage will not be allowed to interfere with the regular quantity of reading matter which it is our aim to furnish our ever increasing subscribers. The picture, Cupid and Psyche, presented free with this issue will be followed by other equally high art reproductions. Patrons of the GLOBE are assured that we will maintain the lead we have already secured as the leading favorite Sunday morning newspaper of the Capital City of the Nation.

## A Pious Detective.

There is a curious detective service in this city attached to the Health Department. Its head "sneaker" is a man who prays and detects by turns. It is with him a constant solace that before he proceeds to detect some awful criminal he devotes some time to prayer.

As a matter of fact it appears that the peculiar duties of this curious individual are to detect physicians and midwives in the act of doing something that he believes they would not do if they prayed as often as a Mahomedan, or as fluently as himself. There was a day when this apostle of prayer had something to do, and that was when he detected in the pawnbrokers' division. But now it is different, and besides being different it is also sad, for when there is no crime to detect decent people have to take it. No detective in such a field can hope to hold his job, even by prayer, unless he detects.

So it has come about that a unique and curious method of detecting has been brought into existence. They call it arresting "on suspicion." That means that if you happen to be jogging along in life as a physician, midwife, wet-nurse, or some assistant, you are liable to be arrested "on suspicion."

After you get arrested and are put in jail you can get out the best way you can, but before you get out detectives will be running all over the city hunting up your patients to tell them that you have been "locked up" for doing something that this inspired genius has declared to be illegal, and with the hope that he may discover some dissatisfied person willing to swear that you violated the law as discovered and interpreted by this detective after prayerful consideration. And this is done in the name of the President of the United States who would not know "Peeping Tom" from Adam.

Now all things have their day, and just now this "arrested on suspicion" idea is having its day.

How far these matters are sanctioned by the Medical Society and the Health Department may yet be found out. Investigation discloses the fact of cases that would shame the St. Petersburg police into a corner and serve for material for a book on the "Power of Prayer for Detecting." Some angry victim may cut the practice short by having the whole "push" shown up by a pretty investigation, and again it may only take a couple of these articles in the SUNDAY GLOBE to bring so much odium upon the system and its prayerful promotion to cause it to disappear.

Aside from the wrong of the thing there is nothing but pity for the shallow brain that begets such ideas.

Imagine this spook of the night going to his prayers, then sallying forth on his silent wheel to spy upon the 2,000 innocent persons honestly engaged in saving human lives.

Imagine what you would do if you caught him at it.

But it is not necessary.

If you are one of the 2,000 report your case to the SUNDAY GLOBE.

The regular force, under Captain Boardman, heartily condemn the practices and do not regard this detective contingent as belonging to genuine work.

## Imported Criminals.

"At the Clerkenwell criminal session, yesterday, a young man named Ford Ritchie, who has been convicted for robbery, received a novel sentence. The judge said he would be merciful in the hope of redeeming the prisoner from a career of crime and would send him to jail for confinement until Saturday, when he would be conducted to Queenstown and handed over to friends on board a vessel bound for America, with the understanding that if he refused to go with them he would be rearrested and sentenced to imprisonment for a term commensurate with the offense."

Mr. Terrence Powderly's attention is respectfully directed to the foregoing extract from a London newspaper. It has been the custom, to our personal knowledge, for English Prisoner Aid Societies to encourage the emigration of ex-convicts to the United States, and to not only encourage but to pay the passage and expenses of such criminals. Manchester had, and still has,

a noted Prisoner Aid Society, founded by a philanthropist of that city which has sent hundreds of ex-British convicts to the United States and made this country for the past quarter of a century a dumping ground for able-bodied paupers and criminals. It is in this striking manner that John Bull demonstrates his undisguised love for and appreciation of this Republic.

England is not only the breeding grounds of native and to the manor born criminals but it is the refuge of the continental anarchists who find their way to the United States or safely plot their hellish designs in its chief city—the modern Babylon. Senator Depew has publicly stated that there is an implied understanding between the anarchist chiefs and the British government that no English king, prince, ruler or statesman must be assassinated in return for the privilege conceded these wretches of an undisturbed residence in that country and the propagation of their hellish doctrines. When Congress meets, there will be a splendid opportunity for Senator Depew to introduce and advocate a law isolating England from all national courtesies or other international recognition as a civilized power until she breaks this piratical treaty with the Ishmaelites of the human race.

## A Still Greater New York.

A forecast of the comparatively near future of New York is calculated to amaze mankind. If the recent ratio of increase in population be maintained, the consolidated metropolis is destined thirty years hence to contain seven million inhabitants, making it, in all probability, the most populous city the world has ever known. The estimated population of the five boroughs is now about 3,600,000 and, according to precedent in the last two generations, it should about double those figures within thirty years. London, now in the lead, will then stand a close second to the metropolis of the globe with Chicago in the third place, unless something miraculous happens to push Paris ahead of the windy city.

But the eyes of all creation will be fastened on New York, no matter who does the political bossing. In anticipation of this startling growth tremendous schemes are being worked out that will put local traffic into new and ampler channels. The second great bridge across the East River is nearly completed and two more are planned, one from Manhattan and the other from Bronx to the borough of Queens. Two railway tunnels are to be built under the East River and probably another under the Hudson will connect the big city with the Jersey shore.

But perhaps more important than those improvements is the mammoth bridge with which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company intends to span the Hudson from Hoboken to Twenty-third street and its monster terminal at Seventh Avenue. This colossal undertaking is intended by the promoters for the use of all railways whose termini are now in Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken, so that passengers from all points west of the Hudson River will be taken without change of cars direct to the heart of the city. This means the arrival at and departure from one union station of about a quarter of a million persons daily, according to present conditions, while a heavy annual increase in these figures must be counted upon as the population of the city and of the country increases.

The locating of this terminus for this tremendous tide of travel must alter the current of street traffic, and in effect, the congested center will be transferred from the lower wards to the section locally known as Tenderloin. The new Rapid Transit subway and improved elevated and surface electric systems, are relied upon to keep the streams of humanity from clogging or becoming irrevocably jammed.

The Pennsylvania's active movement in anticipation of a traffic emergency by no means remote, shows good generalship. The accomplishment of its plan, as herein indicated, will necessarily place that powerful corporation upon the throne of finance. Meantime, while New York is attaching its gigantic proportions, Boston will in due course claim a million notes, all counted, and Philadelphia has hopes of slipping into the two-million class. Baltimore will also make a quick step toward the million mark, and Washington will easily double its present allotment of sojourners.

The decade now entered upon will surely witness a wonderful growth and consequent prosperity at all points along the Atlantic seaboard from Portland, Me., to Savannah, Ga.

## Cupid and Psyche.

The initial high art half tone reproduction by Bouguereau of this celebrated painting is presented FREE with this issue of the SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE. The painting represents the moment when Cupid having married Psyche she becomes immortal. This is an episode in THE GOLDEN ASS of Apuleius.

The allegory represents Cupid in love with Psyche. He visited her every evening, and left at sunrise, but strictly enjoined her not to attempt to discover who he was. One night curiosity overcame her prudence, and going to look upon her lover a drop of hot oil fell on his shoulder, awoke him, and he fled. Psyche now wandered in search of the lost one, but was persecuted by Venus with relentless cruelty. Having suffered almost to the death, Cupid at length married her, and she became immortal. Mrs. Tighe has a poem on the subject; Wm. Morris has poetized the same in his *Earthly Paradise* ("May"); Lafontaine has a poem called *Psyche*, in imitation of the episode of Apuleius; and Moliere has dramatized the subject.

Woman's ideal of love must not be subjected to too strong a light, or it will flee away, and the woman will suffer long years of torment. At length truth will correct her exaggerated notions, and love will reside with her for the rest of her life.

THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE has not gone into the syndicate picture business. This is its own exclusive enterprise and no other newspaper is in the deal. We pay for and own exclusively the half tones used in this paper, and they are the production of the National Engraving Company of this city. Our expense is, therefore, proportionately great, as it is shared in by no

other publication. By a reference to our advertising columns those who desire to frame this beautiful work of art can do so at a very moderate cost.

## The Soldier Suicide.

A Dayton (O.) paper says: "Dependent over the disgrace of dishonorable discharge from the Soldier's Home because of disparaging and unpatriotic remarks concerning the assassination of the lamented President, William McKinley, and unable to further endure the humiliation, Jacob Rehm, a veteran of the civil war and former member of the Soldiers' Home, committed suicide yesterday by hanging. Rehm was dismissed from the Home about two weeks ago, and since that time had been boarding at the boarding house kept by John Mark, at No. 220 Euclid avenue. Rehm had been drinking heavily, it is said, for several days past. At an early hour yesterday morning the dead body of the man was found in his room. He had tied one end of a heavy cord about his neck and fastened the other end to a bedpost. He then dropped to the floor and slowly strangled to death. Coroner Hatcher was notified and visited the scene. Rehm was 56 years of age and in the civil war was a member of Company F, 79th Pennsylvania Infantry. Remorse for his thoughtless utterance hurried this man to a suicide's grave. There was or could be no question of his patriotism, as he fought for his country, but his impulsive or reckless language on the death of the President, in his cooler moments, became insupportable, and recalling no doubt the days of his youth and service to the same flag for which McKinley died, he could no longer bear the burden of the infamy which overtook him for his utterance and died an unwept and an unremembered suicide. His death teaches a more impressive lesson than his life, even that portion of it spent in the service of his country."

The general impression that Blind Tom was dead was removed last Sunday evening, when that veteran virtuoso and marvel of the musical world appeared at the Columbia Theater and worked a Steinway Grand for two hours, to the amazement and delight of an audience consisting largely of the children and grandchildren of people whom he used to mystify by his extraordinary playing along in the sixties. No Blind Tom has't seen the undertaker yet, and what is more, he never will.

The Barton was discovered early in the week by the bunch of beauties included in the Frank Daniels' "Miss Simplicity" show, and—well, they declared in full chorus that Dr. Barton's regimen was the finest antidote for homesickness they had ever struck.

Hon. Chauncey Depew's announced recipe for happiness is "To keep in touch with the young."

In that case, when the opportunity occurs, the Senator won't kick at having to Mind the Baby.

The Instalment Plan of ransoming a purloined missionary may have its advantages in that it makes the required payment easy for the debtor while removing anxiety from the mind of the hostage.

Low Dockstader refers to the B. & O. depots as "The Dump."

A great deal of refuse is no doubt unloaded there.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel looks like a Goose Egg.

How are we to account for the fact that none of our Magnates of Finance took stock in the syndicate scheme to ransom Miss Missionary Stone?

From Morgan's prominence in the Episcopal Convention in San Francisco, it is surmised in Wall Street that the great adjuster is organizing a Trust in Providence.

As the wily ticket speculator was supposed to be "making all the money," the Syndicated Managers in New York have ordered him to "Go way back and sit down." And so he has sat, in several places.

Two more highly accomplished gentlemen of this same bureau gave us a roasting while in their cups at Altman's some days ago.

And still another \$1,500 clerk has been "tooting" up quite lively early in the week. He had better stick to his desk and not "hit" anything before the luncheon hour.

## Ode-oriferous.

The scent of the Rose is sweet,  
But the Cent of the Mint is sweeter.

## Amusements.

The announcement for the current week at theaters are: Columbia, commencing on Tuesday, Miss Elsie DeWolfe in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Way of the World"; Lafayette, "Shenandoah"; National, Miss Julia Marlowe, in "When Knighthood was in Flower"; Academy, "The White Slave"; Chase, Helen Mora and Hyde's Comedians; Bijou, Charles T. Aldrich and the Stock Burlesque Company; Lyceum, The Brigadiers and "At Sulphur Springs."

The eviction of a woman named Frazer and seven children, the youngest but nine days old by a landlord on 6th Street between F and G has excited the indignation of the entire neighborhood.

Oscar Hammerstein, author of his own future, architect and builder of six of New York's first theatres with a seventh designed to out-class them all, now under way, and the inventor of an invaluable machine for making cigarettes, has written, composed and produced at the Victoria theatre, a mixture of comicality and music labeled "Sweet Marie," to be taken any evening before going to bed as a sure cure for chronic trouble, debt, dyspepsia, insomnia, deafness, jealousy and despair.

J. Edwin Brown, an office holder in one of the Departments was elected Commander at the 16th annual encampment of the Union Veteran Legion held at Gettysburg the past week.

The "busted" American Savings Bank is panning out as we predicted. The assets have already shrunk one third. Depositors will be lucky if they save their bank books! The District Attorney may take a hand in the game!

## FUNNY FREAKS.

Walter J. Brooks, the handsome man with his grey hair and winning ways, acting as appointment clerk of the Pension Bureau, was out again, last week, on street parade, in opposition to the circus, giving the common folk a treat. There is no doubt as to Walter being an exceedingly warm member and a great paer on the track, but then his running mates, if not fair, are not slow. Those other two old ladies, by name Nancy Hanks and Maud S., were very spirited beasts in their day, but are now speedless "Critters" in comparison. Then "Dear Walter" being such a leading light in the "Temple" one would suppose clear, pure water were good enough for him, but alas, that single thought alone would leave you "at the post."

## SPICY INTERVIEWS.

## Judge T. J. Mackey on the Hawkes-Heistand Inquiry.

## LADY'S COMPOSITION ON PANTS

Why the Evening Star is Supporting the Cause of the Man Who Abused Its Proprietor—Rich Reading in These Meaty Talks Held on the "Avenue" With Distinguished Citizens.

"Say, GLOBE, some time ago you had an interview with a merchant who does not advertise with you." "About what?" queried the scribe as this interlocutor dived in his capacious pockets evidently in search of something. "Why—about pants—don't you remember?"

"Yes." "Well, now, here is a document with the cabalistic head lines. 'Read and pass on,' on this same subject which I wish you would print."

Taking the slip, which had been doing veteran service in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for some time past. Here it is: "Pants are made for men and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. Men are often mistaken in pants, such mistakes are breeches of promise. There has been much discussion whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural, and when they don't wear pants it is singular. When pants are made to order they become aristocratic and change their name to 'trousers.' Men go on a tear in their pants and it is all right; when the pants go on a tear it is all wrong. If you want to make pants last, make the coat first."

"Now, what do you think of that for an essay on pants?" "Pretty fair, who is the author?"

"Well, sir, you will be surprised when I tell you it is a lady."

"A lady?" "Yes, and she is a lady, and a handsome one at that. The boys over there were gasping a long time on compositions about female apparel, and one day she got this up at luncheon time and it's been circulating pretty lively. Now you print it and every mother's son at the bureau will buy a GLOBE, at they all buy the GLOBE anyhow."

And the jolly plate printer made the scribe good-bye as he dropped into Shoemaker's to see the time.

"There is a peculiar case which I wish you would call the authorities attention to," said a restaurant proprietor of E street to the GLOBE man.

"What is its nature?" "A man respectfully dressed, quite inoffensive in appearance and manner, has been now for some time coming in here and distributing medicine in the form of pellets and powders. He asks no money or other favor, and usually regales himself with only coffee and rolls."

"Is the medicine marked, or is there no direction or advertisement of its character?" "None, whatever, and therein lies the danger. The man, whom I am convinced, is a monomaniac on the subject, gives away whole packages of all kinds and shapes of pellets, powders, etc. The nature of the medicine, or what it is intended for, I am in ignorance of except that the distributor says 'it will cure all diseases.'"

"Do you know of anybody who has used the medicine?" "No; everybody is afraid to touch it, but the man is such a quiet gentlemanly looking person nobody refuses his free gifts. Here is a whole dreadful I have already gotten, and on his visit this morning he congratulated me on looking better since I began taking his medicine and insisted in leaving me this brown envelope full of pellets. Now the danger is, that if the man is a crank, which I believe he is, he might substitute arsenic or some other deadly poison under the delusion that it would be good for the human system."

"You say he leaves or writes no directions?" "Except this scrawled on the envelope, 'take two before eating,' and this, 'take four before retiring.' I should think the police ought to look him up and investigate before something serious happens. At all events I hope the GLOBE will warn the public not to use this medicine without consulting a physician."

And the restaurant proprietor having very conscientiously performed his duty turned to greet a customer. The GLOBE man has been unable to make connections with this strange medicine distributor up to the hour of going to press, but it is a safe proposition to follow the restaurant proprietor's advice and not "take it before or after meals."

"This hemp inquiry is developing the greatest scandal of the Republican administration," said Judge T. J. Mackey to the GLOBE yesterday evening.

"Indeed, Judge?" "To the GLOBE the sole credit is due for developing this matter but the GLOBE must not miss the salient points of this scandal."

"And these are judge?" "The sending of a cablegram by Col. Heistand, the favored officer of the administration, to the absolute ruler of the Philippine Islands admonishing him of the formation by the military of a monopoly to control this hemp output, in his request for information as to a site for a factory. The payment by the government for this cablegram by the frank of General Corbin identifies him with this unmilitary and illegal misuse of government funds."

"Yes." "Now the curious thing about this investigation is the course of the Star."

"In what respect?" "Those who still remember the charges against Mr. Noyes, proprietor of the Star, by the late Charles A. Dana, of the N. Y. Sun, need not be told of the present extraordinary course of the Washington paper. Mr. Noyes had Dana indicted here and the Governor of New York granted requisition papers for the transfer of Dana to Washington for trial."

"In steps the present Secretary of War Root, and by the aid of a Tammany judge beat the governor's requisition. As the counsel for Mr. Dana, he used the most scurrilous language towards Mr. Noyes, accusing him of the gravest crimes. Now this same Secretary of War who is the counsel for Flint, Eddy & Co., of New York, the hemp monopolists of the Philippines, is deeply interested in the discrediting of Major Hawkes, the promoter and agent (by the

grace of Melklejohn) of the Heistand-Corbin opposition or proposed opposition Hemp Combine. Why the Star is aiding in the secretary's design of a white wash for Corbin & Co., is incomprehensible to the ordinary human being. Secretary Root revoked Hawkes bargain Commission, obtained from Melklejohn because the official position of Hawkes in the custom service enabled him to obtain an inside knowledge of the Flint, Eddy & Co.'s, shipments and bills of lading in the Philippine Islands. Flint, Eddy & Co., appealed to their counsel, the Secretary of War—the man who as an attorney saved Dana from condign punishment, and accused Mr. Noyes of the most outrageous misdeeds—and the Secretary of War revoked Hawkes commission leaving him high and dry on the Philippine Islands twelve thousand miles from home and not a penny in his pocket. But justice, though laden headed, will overtake the guilty before we are through with this unprecedented scandal!" and Judge Mackey firmly closed his lips as he turned the corner of the Avenue and 12th Street.

"I was out shopping this forenoon," said the young lady who serves our lunch at the Spraul Avenue restaurant.

"And what did you buy, Miss Cinderella, a pair of glass slippers?"

"No, indeed, I bought a lovely blue dress. And I first went to Hecht's, by the way. They asked me \$34 for the garment I selected and then I next went to—where a much prettier garment was priced to me at \$18. I finally secured the latter one, a little less, and with the alterations to be made it will not stand me more than one-third the price asked at Hecht's department store."

"No mistake in quality?" "No, sir; I know the quality. It is all right. I suppose if I had tried to Jew down at Hecht's I could have gotten it cheaper but I couldn't argue them down to one-third, you know."

"How do you account for the difference in price?" "I don't account for it at all, only I will take precious care not to go there again as their high prices don't suit a poor girl like me, especially when I can get the same goods one-third cheaper elsewhere."

Manager Klein's attention is respectfully directed to this interview, which he can have authenticated by calling at Spraul's. The GLOBE suggests that he re-mark the blue dresses by removing the installment plan price or added interest to the real value of the garment. Still as we are not financially interested in the firm, Manager Klein can do as he pleases.

"Time and again I have seen comments in the GLOBE about government employees engaging in other enterprises. Now I have a grievance I want aired myself," said an indignant young photographer to the GLOBE man last night.

"You see it is this way," he continued. "I have been employed in the Paine Photograph Studio on F street."

"Yes." "Well, the place is owned by Miss Paine and Mr. Campbell, both government employees."

"Very well, proceed."

"They are both in receipt of good salaries from Uncle Sam and they compete with photographers who have to hustle for a living."

"True enough." "But this is not the worst. They owe me for labor performed in the studio."

"Sue them." "It takes time and money to do that. I want them roasted in the GLOBE."

"Will that satisfy you?" "Well, if it's the best I can get. I think people in the government employment ought to be satisfied with their salaries, and the young man passed down the avenue frowning his displeasure."

A visit to the studio of Mr. Campbell developed the following:

"Yes, I know your informant, and I believe he is off his trolley to some extent. I employed him and he spoilt twenty-five plates and did me a lot of damage."

"Are you in government employ?" "No, I resigned from the Census, as your editor did, my business absorbing all my time and paying me better."

"Then you do not owe this young man anything?" "Not a penny. He owes me for spoiling stock and I do not want to see his likes again." And Mr. Campbell excused himself to wait upon some patrons who had meanwhile entered the studio.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 12.—John David Ellis and the wife of Edmund T. Jackson, an Euclid avenue broker and real estate dealer, are parties defendant in what promises to be a sensational divorce suit. Mr. Jackson has not yet filed the papers, but his lawyers are preparing them. He has left his residence with his only child, a young school girl of twelve years, and is temporarily residing with his nephew, Thomas Tinsley, the well known architect.

The facts, as whispered by those on the inside, are to the effect that Mr. Jackson received a letter from a reformed assignation house proprietress acquainting him with the fact of his wife's visit to her place in company with Ellis. Utterly disbelieving the astounding revelation he presented the letter to his wife, assuring her of his confidence. She indignantly denied the charge and ingeniously suggested the possibility of a double. This caught her husband's fancy and he set a watch on the assignation house formerly conducted by the repentant Magdalene. Returning home in the early evening to assume his usual disguise as an amateur detective he entered the basement of his residence where he kept the disguises and while rummaging among the miscellaneous articles was attracted by a peculiar if not significant noise overhead. Softly stealing up the interior stairway to the kitchen he peeped through the half raised pantry shutter and saw Ellis and his wife in a compromising position on the sofa in an adjoining room. Attempting to secure his revolving the guilty couple overheard him and Ellis skipped before Jackson had a chance to shoot. It is alleged that Mrs. Jackson denies the charge and claims that Ellis was simply giving her a massage treatment for a neuralgia attack to which she is subject. It appears that Ellis is a message or magnetic healer and assumes the title of Doctor. He is fairly well-to-do and has two grown daughters and a son in college.

"Jenny Grimes" will find to her interest to call at the GLOBE office. Officer Quinlan will make a note of it and also the alias of the young F street lady.

Mr. Revere Rodgers contributes to this issue of the SUNDAY GLOBE a very interesting and entertaining article on the famous White House Tavern of old Georgetown.